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S. S. BLANCHARD Ham Hams, Lard, Nice Salt Pork, all backs, for sale at 15 cents a pound. Also, Old Soap at 12 1-2 cents per gallon. Giover, Vt., April 9, 1877.

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WAITING.

BY A WIFE.

Out on the dark and rain, Out on the dismal night, I look from my window's warmth and light, My face against the pane; And my heart rebounds,

Its measured beat by the wind's refrain Nearer the footstep comes. And the curtains I draw aside That the ruddy light from his own fireside May welcome my dear one home.

As a footfall sounds

Now beat, O min! And ye winds, complain t He is safe at last from the blinding storm

Ah me! should I see the day When to cross the threshold o'er That form should return again no more No hand the storm to stay, No love to fold, From the dismal wold;

How could I grope my weary way? Ah! should I one day see A change on the living face: Should smiles to frowns severe give place, No sun would shine for me. No birdling's song The groves among;

I would rather the heart were still, And lying beneath the mould, Than its fiful beating, strange and cold, Awake in mine no thrill. For the flower of love Shall be found above, That distrust of earth doth never chill.

No answering voice of melody.

Beloved, I often pray That I may be first to go. 'Tis a strange, a selfish wish, I know, But I have thought alway, That at vonder gate I should list and wait Just as I have for you to-day

THE SAILOR AND THE FLOWER.

once, when a storm had burst upon the main When urged through darkness on the wrecking shore The good ship struck; a floating fragment bore A struggling sailor to a barren plain Where never human heart had worshipped God-"Would Heaven," he said, while gazing all around, He saw no human form, and heard no other sound Than the hoarse wind's dreary, death-charged staves To the wild tripping of the rock-rent waves-'Oh! would to heaven the cruel sea had spared One mate, wer't but the dog, who might have shared With me this lot." But, peeping from the ground, He saw a flower, whose tender leaves of blue Kind eve had sprinkled o'er with freshest dew :-Then with an eye up to the draw profound Atone I am not, God and Love are here!"

What is an excellent detergent The writ of a Sheriff's office-it often

The name of the man in Vermont who feeds his geese on iron filings, and gatheres steel pens, is Sharp.

A Yorkshire woman is so cleanly that she uses two rolling pins—one for pastry, and the other for her husband's head.

When we see a man standing out with an umbrella to keep the rain off from

house successfully is to find out just what your boarders don't like, and feed

An auctioneer recently declined raise some old china he was offering for sale, saying it had already been sufficiently "cracked up."

thinks he could manage it better than

An Illinois newspaper has this adverisement: "Found.-A buckskin-mitten If the owner will leave the other at this office he will greatly oblige the finder.

Some people are bound to find fault. We once knew a man who blamed the because the mile stones were not put

The Moravia Register asks, "Are American girls delicate?" It depends very much whether you offer them cocoanut cake and ice cream, or a bar of soap and a washboard.

One curious thing in the daily history of any city is the mysterious disappearances. Another curious thing is the fact that nine out of ten of the disappearances leave a board-bill unpaid.

The present elevated style of bonnet has the great drawback that the man who sits behind one in church thinks he is hidden from the rest of the congregation, and never puts anything into the

It is said of a very respectable old historic parish in Connecticut, that they starved their minister, and are now about to erect a splendid monument to they gave him a stone."

It is all very fine to laugh at a womman who plays circus while a June bug is walking up the inside of his clothing with the slow and measured step of a

"William," said one Quaker to anothof the State should come to me and say, Joshua, I want thee to find me the biggest liar in the State of New York.' I ularly.'

Speaking of patchwork, a woman on Court street has a quilt in 573,291 pieces. She spread it out in the vard to air, and a puppy dog played it was a shining up curiously from the dark tience, discontent and weak complainbear. The puppy has been unwell since, depths of the well. I hurriedly drew ing-the invalid always gravitates. out from under the house. There will be some more of this item when he comes out .- Rome Sentinel.

An old pioneer, who believed that the purturbed water became still and sorbing when it hung in clusters upon "what was to be would be." lived in a smooth like a mirror. Then looking the vine. - Scribner for June. region infested by Indians. He always into it I saw the moon peaceful and took his gun with him, and once, finding calm once more. I emptied the bucket that some one of his family had borrowed it, he would not go without it. His friends ralied him, saying there was no aloud: I will never joke Patty again. thought I did," said the Granger, "but lishing house which is their best monudanger of the Indians, as, anyhow, he She is gentle and sweet and sensitive: the bull wasn't dozing; he was only would not die till his time came. "Yes," far too good for a rough fellow like me. making believe; and being in the middle said old leather-stocking, "but suppose I will never grieve her tender, loving of a forty-acre lot, I naturally had to was come, it wouldn't do not to have heart by my peculiar kind of joking make pretty good time to reach the fence the business of bookmaking in America, fellow promptly replied. "He shears

ONLY A JOKE.

A difference of tastes in jokes is a great strain on the

affections,-George Eliot. I was always fond of a joke, said Uncle Moses Fuller, to the friends who had assembled to commemorate the golden wedding of his good wife, Aunt Patty, and himself. But jokes have their proper times and places, and that reminds me of a little story that I will relate to you, young people, while mother is in the other room taking down the reflected in the old well without the old china.

some of you are likely to be at no dis- best, young people, and you cannot be tant day-if there is any truth in signs | too careful about wounding the sensibilor heresay-and none of you will object | ities of those who are nearest and dearto receiving a mild lesson from an old est to you. - Anna A. Preston.

I was always fond of a joke, as I was saying, but I never 'joked' my wife but once. That was after we had been married about a week, and had got nicely to housekeeping. The old minister who married us, and who had known us both all our lives, and his wife, came to make us a call, and Patty urged them to stay to tea. They accepted the invitation so cordially given with evident

wanted to put her best foot forward, of course; so she made some hot biscuit for supper. I remember as if it were only interrups the free motion of the chest, yesterday, how pretty she looked in her blue, home-made gown, and clean, freshly-starched check apron, as she was stepping around in her shy, quiet, womanly manner making the biscuit. looking at and turning them in the tin | sleeping with the head raised on a high baker before the fire-place, setting the pillow. When any person finds it easier table, and pleasantly talking with her to sit, stand or sleep in a crooked posiguests at the same time: for we had no tion than a straight one, he may be

you, when she drew our chairs around the neatly spread and bountifully loaded table, and just at that moment I thought more, I fear, of Parson and Mrs. Bancraft's of Patty's cooking and housekeeping than I did of the grace he was saying. Both of our guests praised the

O, yes, I replied flippiantly, thinking ceived a blow; and wife-like, she tried to throw off her ill-concealed mortification of my thoughtless speech. Although I could find no fault with the an erect posture, and keep the system way she performed her duties as hos- in harmony with the laws of life, espec-

everything was ready, and they had bidden Patty good night, and she had gone back through the gate into the vard, he leaned down toward me, and putting his trembling hand on my shoulder, said: My son, bear in mind that even pure, burnished gold may be

scratched and defaced by rough usage. I felt like a brute all the time I was getting the cows, and milking and dothe kitchen the brimming pails of milk. putting away that very china she is now

up the brimming, mossy bucket, the

into my pail, and as I did so, I said asked a man of an old farmer. "I age and devotion founded the great pub-

married fifty years age to-day, and although I have had my jokes with other people-jokes that they say rather cutting, though Uncle Moses don't mean

And I have kept my word. We were

anything-I have never joked my wife. She has proved to be unalloyed gold, and, thanks to the good old parson's advice, it has not been detracted or had its lustre dimmed by rough ussage. have never happened to see the moon memory of those unhappy moments com-Some of you are married, now, and ing back to me. Life is short at the

### POSTURE.

An erect bodily attitude, says Dr Greene, is of vastly more importance to health than is generally imagined .-Crooked bodily positions, maintained for any length of time, are always injurious, whether sitting, standing, or lyingwhether sleeping or waking.

To sit with the body leaning forward on the stomach, or to one side, with the heels elevated to a level with the head As they were our first visitors, Patty is not only in bad taste, but exceedingly detrimental to the health. It cramps the stomach, presses the vital organs. and enfeebles the functions of the abdominal and thoric organs, and, in fact,

unbalances the whole muscular system. Many children become slightly humpbacked or severely round shouldered by sure his muscular system is badly de-I felt quite proud of her. I assure ranged, and the more careful he is to preserve a straight or an upright position, and get back to nature again, the

Those persons engaged in occupations requiring the hands alone to move, while the lower limbs remain motionless, should bear in mind that without light, short, properly browned biscuit. frequently raising the frame to an erect and Patty's girlish face flushed with position, and giving exercise to all parts genuine pleasure, as she shylv glanced of the body, such a practice will tend to up at my face for her husband's approv- destroy their health. They should also sit in as erect a position as possible. But I did not speak, and presently With seamstresses there is always more she asked timidly: I hope you like them or less stooping of the head and shoul-Moses, for they are the first biscuit I ders, tending to retard circulation, reshis potato patch we know that he is a have made since-since you be- piration and digestion, and produce came Mrs. Fuller, said the parson's curvature of the spine. The head should The secret of running a boarding- wife, considerately helping out her be thrown back to give the lungs full play. Health cannot be without free respiration. Strength and general it would not do to praise my wife in health must come from exercise. Concompany, and not relishing the possi- fined attitudes are in violation of corbility of losing an opportunity to get off rect theories of healthy physical develone of my 'jokes,' I like them to be sure; opments and the instincts of nature. Editing a paper is like carrying an but I should hate to have anybody throw Those accustomed to sit writing for umbrella on a windy day; everybody one of them at my head, for the conse- hours, day after day, can form some quences might be serious. Patty's idea of the exhausting nature of the countenance changed as if she had re- toilsome and poorly paid labor of the

Parents and guardians should see t it, that those under their care maintain county authorities in a neighboring town | tess, I noticed she ate very little of the | ially during the period of growth. And persons who, from necessity, are obliged Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft started for to remain for a time in unnatural or their home just before dark and as I cramped positions, should overcome the was tucking them up in their comforta- evil, as far as possible, by proper exerble old chaise I thought what a happy, cise in the open air and other means of contented old couple they were. When | maintaining strength, vigor, harmony I handed the parson the rains, after and beauty of their physical constitu-

# THE LONELINESS OF AN INVA-LID'S LIFE.

Few are they who, in the activities robust life, pause to think of the loneliness of the helpless invalid-of the isolated bondage of weakness. To a young woman who is cut off from all youthful amusements and pursuits, who is reing the chores. When I carried into strained from love, who, within four the big boy. I don't like the baby boy, walls, is bound to her couch by chains his memory. He "asked for bread and Patty was washing and polishing and as cruel as if they were made of steel. taking down, and I see in the gather- to the busy motions of her mind, there kicks I can rock him with stones. I an's tantrums when a mouse makes its ing twilight that she had been crying. come hours when even sympathy wearies like the little boy best when he has appearance near her skirts, but a little I kissed her impulsively with my heart of its ministry, and mercenary attend- candy and gives me some. I like the down every margin and back to the top merriment should be reserved for the in my throat, and catching the empty ance must seek relief from its burdens. big boy when it snows, 'cause he can of the first page, closing your article by man who plays circus while a June burg in my throat, and catching the empty ance must seek relief from its burdens. water-pail, started for the well. I didn't | She must be left alone, her hands folded make any promises to anybody but my- in patient waiting. Reminiscence, idle little man-if he behaves himself, and dreaming, aspiration, regrets, tears-The moon was shining high in the these come in pathetic routine to fill the what mother said brother Bob was er, "thee knows I never call anybody heavens, and as I ran down the bucket, heavy hours when society departs. t'other day, when he told old Miss names; but, William, if the Governor I saw it reflected in the clear water at Great, silent heroisms are wrought out Smith that mother said she was a old the bottom of the round, deep well. I in intervals like these, more wonderful bore. Papa said he was a little boy felt as if it might be Patty's love going than the common imagination can conwould come to thee and say. William, down, down, far beyond my reach, slip- ceive; or great moral disasters are suf- she wished papa was a little boy some the Governor wants to see thee partic- ping away from me forever. As I drew fered, from which there is no recovery.

"Do you know what bulldozing is?"

VERMONT'S JUBILEE.

The Executive Committee of the Vermont Centennial Commission have issued an appeal to the people of the Green Mountain State, calling for their operation in the celebration which is to take place during the third week in August, and in which our own State Executive and Legislature are to participate. On the 15th of August will be commemorated the battle of Bennington, with which the name of General John Stark is forever to be associated. A glorious victory it was, said General Stark, when he sent some trophies of it to Massachusetts, and he went on to describe it as one "which ought to be kept in memory and handed down to futurity as a lasting and laudable example for the sons and daughters of the victors." His injunction was not forgotten, and in 1816 he was reminded by letter that the grateful people of Bennington, if no other, had, year by year, celebrated the achievement of his troops-an achievement worth a thousand times as much as the cold student of military science would value it at. And since that day-every year, in fact for a century, John Stark has been remembered. Now the State of Vermont proposes to honor Stark and his brave -N. Y. Evening Post. men, this summer being the one hundredth anniversary of the battle which gave them a fame which we, in our careless way, call undying. Perhaps it is. Why should it not be? And in the same week Vermont will also celebrate an event which, her com say, no sister commonwealth has yet observed-the 100th anniversary of her birth as a State. The events were distant, although their dates were so nearly alike that two days will cover the celebration of both. To some men one will seem more important, to some the other more worthy of being honored. But what Vermonter, by birth or residence -what New Englander, who thinks upon the struggles and the occasional triumphs on those dark days-what pattiotic citizen, wherever he may have been born, will hesitate to respond to

the most important of the then young revolution. Their effect was bounded by no geographical lines. The commemoration of them should know none. New Hampshire and Massachusetts were as much interested as the State in which the battle of Bennington was fought in its results. Molly Stark was not a Ver-The committee ask for, and we hope and doubt not they will receive, from \$10,000 to \$15,000 in addition to what the State has appropriated. It will not do to fail in an attempt to commenorate the birth of a State and a battle which, perhaps, turned the tide in favor of our

the call of the committee to which we

have referred? These events, one mil-

itary and the other civil, were two of

sorely pressed ancestors. The people of Vermont certainly will be lacking in patriotism if they fail to respond to the appeal: As Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, the beginning of the struggle for liberty in 1775, have been worthily commemorated in 1875, as the signing of the immortal declaration at Philadelphia in 1775 has been fittingly honored in 1876, so let the no less important event of Stark's memory in 1777 which has made his own name famous and that of Bennington historic, be kept in memory and handed down to futurity as a lasting and laudable example for the sons and daughters of the victors by a commemoration in 1877 which shall be alike worthy of the memory of the men of 1777 and their sons and daugh-

ters of 1877 .- Boston Journal. A GIRL'S COMPOSITION ON BOYS .-Boys is strange things. Boys is of three kinds-the baby boy, the little boy and 'cause he squalls and kicks, and I have to rock him with a cradle. But if the whose hands are forbidden any response | big boy or the little boy squalls and haul me on his new sled. A boy is a if he don't he's a little devil; that's once, but mother said she wasn't and more. Sister Julia says she don't like In one direction or the other-toward boys, and I saw her and Tom Brown a brilliant harvest moon was reflected up- cheerful, self-forgetful, ever-buoyant setting in the same rocking chair Sunon that too, in broken flashes of light, fortitude; or toward fretfulness, impa- day night, she said she was trying to is supposed to have been a shoe cast by squeeze the life out of him 'cause she didn't like him ; but I don't think she and the woman spends a good deal of up the smooth pole, feeling that I was Wine, long shut from the sunlight, was hurting any place for he wouldn't regaining what I had come near losing. ripens into nectar or vinegar. The al- let her get up. This is all I know I set the overflowing bucket down on ternative is mainly fixed by the amount about boys, and mother says she hopes the soft green grass, and let it be until of sunlight it had the privilege of ab- I wont never know no more about 'em.

MR. FLETCHER HARPER.-With the death of Mr. Fletcher Harper the last of the four brothers whose energy, courand quiet, diligent men of business as them."

they were, the story of their lives might well be written as a record of the best results of earnestness, courage, diligence and uprightness in business. Beginning with small capital in a business which was not then promising, these men have lived to see their names attached to one of the greatest and most influential publishing firms in the world. They have made themselves known and honored wherever books are read, and they have done greatly more than this. Their | ed to imposing proportion. The procesenergy, their sagacity and their liberal- sion was reviewed by Mayor Ely from ity have been of untold benefit to their the head of Union Square, included al country. They have done much to make an American literature possible. not only by liberal dealings with American writers, but by scattering the best literature broadcast through the land, and thus creating the domand for books upon which alone a successful literature can be founded. Few men have done more for their kind than they did in their unostentatious way, and as they have one by one laid down the burdens of their lives, they have seen in their sons men fitted by training in their school to take them up and to carry forward the work to which their lives have been given. There is a better romance in the lives of such men as these than any that imagination has ever pictured.

## TAKE HER.

When a young man of two-and-twenty stood before a widow who owns a house on Congress street, she knew by his embarrassed manner just what was coming,

"William, I suppose you have sought this interview to tell me that you love my daughter Isabel?"

"Y-yes, yes," he gasped. "Well, William, how are you fixed ?" she sternly demanded. "Have you any ouses and lands ?"

"N-not anv." "Have you any wealth in bank?"

"Not a c-copper." "Have you any bonds and mortgages?"

"Not a one," he answered, as he continued to grow pale. "Young man," she sternly resumed. what have you got to offset the \$20,-000 which I shall give my daughter?"

"Nothing but love and"-"Too thin !- too thin !" she exclaim-

ed, waving him away. "And I can sharpen lawn mowers!" he shrieked as he backed off.

"You can ?" "I can, and it won't be over six weeks f they are good weeks for grass, before I'll see your daughter's dowry and own a street railroad besides."

"Take her, William-take her and be happy," exclaimed the worldly woman. And the daughter has been "took." - Detroit Free Press WRITING FOR THE PRESS .- Amateur

writers for the press will find these hints from the Burlington Hawkeye simply Never write with pen or ink. It

altogether too plain, and doesn't hold the mind of the editor and printers close enough to their work. If you are compelled to use ink, never ase that vulgarity known as the blotting pad. If you drop a blot of ink on the paper, lick it off. The intelligent compositor loves nothing so dearly as to read

through the smear this will make across twenty or thirty words. We have seen him hang over such a piece of copy half an hour, swearing like a pirate all the time, he felt that good. Don't try to write too plainly. It is sign of plebeian origin and public school breeding. Poor writing is an indication of genius. It's about the only indication of genius that a great many people possess. Sprawl your article with

your eyes shut and make every word as

illegible as you can. We get the same

price for it from the rag man as though it were covered with copper-plate sen-Avoid all painstaking with proper names. We know the full name of every man woman and child in the United States, and the merest hint of the name is sufficient. It is a great mistake that

proper names should be written plainly. Many other honored and honorable men Always write on both sides of the paper, and when you have filled both sides of every page trail a line up and How we do love to get hold of articles written in this style! And how we would like to get hold of the man who sends them. Just for ten minutes. Alone. In the woods, with a cannon in our hip

A horseshoe was lately found in the possession of a family in Lodi, N. Y. which was found imbedded in an oak tree three feet in diameter, at a distance of 40 feet from the ground. From the age of the tree and other indications it one of Sullivan's horses during his march through that region on his famous Indian expedition during Revolutionary times, and which had probably been hung up by one of the men when the tree was a sapling.

A religous body having resolved to build a church, the pastor went about begging very zealously, accepting not only the widow's but the child's mite. In school one Sabbath, while instructing ment. These four brothers were the them, he compared himself to a shepherd fathers of New York's publishing busi- and then inquired what the latter did ness, and in effect also the fathers of with his flock. One bright eyed little

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

Special Correspondence. NEW YORK, June 5, 1877.

The ceremonies of Decoration Day, which depends most largely for their success upon the condition of the weather, were this year observed with unusual heartiness. Clear skies, and an atmosphere to warm for indoor retirement, ured everybody abroad, and the processions and decorating parties were swellthe city militia and every metropolitan post of the Grand Army of the Repub lic, each accompanied by a large wagon loaded with flowers, which, later in the day, were left upon the soldiers graves Flags were everywhere displayed throughout New York and Brooklyn, and memorial services were held in various halls. The wealth of flowers showered upon Greenwood, Calvary, Woodlawn, and the other large suburban cometeries was bewilderingly beautiful, and turned, for the day, these cities of the dead into vast hot-houses, from which exhaled a fragrance which corded with the spirit of the hour. In the city but scanty opportunity is pre sented for paying floral tribute to patriots' memory, but such as exists was not forgotten. The statues of Washington, Lincoln and Lafayette, in Union Square, were wreathed with evergreens and covered with pots of flowers. In Washington's outstretched hand was placed a large bouquet of white and crimson blossoms, which the first soldier of the Republic seemed to present as his offering to the spirit of the occasion. In Trinity Church yard the tombs of Capt. James Lawrence, who commanded the "Chespeake" in the war of 1812, and Gen. Phil. Kearney, who fell at Chancellorville, were loaded with exotics and rare plants.

hour in strolling about this oldest of New York cemeteries, attracted hither by the beauty of the place, as well as by curiosity to see what notice had been taken of its historic sepulchres | ened in your heart." in the general commemoration. It produces quite a novel sensation to step from the side-walk of Broadway, at its noisiest, busiest point, directly into a spot where the green grass is shaded by trees of a century's growth, and the gray stones are crumbling over hearts grandfathers were born. But such a spot is Trinity Churchyard, lying on either side of the grand stone pile which age, and have to be frequently repaired fore he has a chance to backslide." to keep them an position. One of these stones bears the date of 1681, and most of them seem to have been erected between that time and the Revolution. Think of the vicissitudes upon which they have looked! Many bear long in prose and verse, which rain and frost have rendered almost or quite illegible. These recite, in language simple or ornate-according to the taste of surviving friends,-the virtues of the dead, and their probable condition in world to which they have gone. None of these that I saw, however, were sufficiently striking to quote.

Here is the grave of Charlotte Temple, whose sad story has been immortalized in fiction : the strong interest in whom is proved by the well trodden path about her resting place. Here too lies Alexander Hamliton, beneath an obelisk, the base of which is sculptured over with his praises, the love of the people for him and their indignation at his murderer seeming to seek some relief in expressing, in the strongest language, their sense of their great loss. of Mew York lie beneath the green sward of this quiet island, upon whose sides break ceaselessly the restless waves of the city's life, but their names are fading from the memory of succeeding generations more rapidly than from the mossy stones above their dust. I saw none but those I have mentioned which have a national reputation.

Ex-Mayor Oakey Hall's absence, which it has all along seemed must be temporary, is given a permanent look by the word "tramway," by which the Enthe auction sale just held of his office effects and large law library. These were closed out at low figures on the last day of May, and this would apparently indicate that the brilliant but erratic lawyer had given up his old home forever, unless, perhaps, the Ring business should sometime be settled beyond the possibility of revival, when he might return. And apropos of this matter. Peter B. Sweeney, who has been awaiting trial for some months, is about to be brought to a hearing. This trial will be an important one in every respect, and may draw forth Tweed's confession, which the Attorney-General is now jealousy hiding from the curious eyes of the public.

Miss Neilson is now about to leave America for home, after a season of wnprecedented success, both to herself and manager. What the latter's share of lina-rifle clubs.

her 140 performances amounts to I cannot say, but am credibly informed that she carries away with her over \$70,000 or something more than \$500 for every appearance-very fair compensation for a pretty face and a graceful manner. There is no one of the handsome actresses and singers who have ornamented American stage, who has turned so many old heads and captivated so many young hearts as this same bewitching English woman. There is no counting the offers of marriage she has received since her divorce from Philip Lee, while the love-letters of less pretentious of which she is in daily receipt have to be brought in and carried out in baskets. Now that she is about leaving for an announced absence of two years, the frantic attentions of her admirers are redoubled. Her rooms at the Clarendon are transformed into conservatories of flowers, the postman pants wearily and frequently in with loads of amorous epistles, while from the crowd of callers who constantly besiege the place one might be excused for inferring that she had some hundreds of good fat government offices to distribute.

Miss Nellson is one of the wealthiest of living actresses, her fortune being estimated at over \$400,000, nearly all of which she has made in this country. and which she very appropriately keeps invested in United States bonds. If rumor is correct, the fair enslaver is soon to be married to a naval officer in Her Majesty's service, and young America will learn too late that its jewels, its billets, and its bouquets were

WAITING THE AUSPICIOUS MOMENT .-Every night he visited the revival meeting at the First Presbyterian church and looked intently up at the rostrum as if drinking in every word that the evangelist said. Friday night the minister, seeing his earnestness, said to On the day following I spent half an him: "My friend, are you a Christian ?" "No sir," was the reply.

"You seem to be always looking toward the rostrum with great earnestness. I hope an interest has been awak-

"I am just waiting to see what that man up there in the choir with the blonde mustache and projecting teeth will decide to do."

"Ah, my dear sir," said the pastor, "you must not wait till your friends come to Christ. You must act for yourthat ceased to beat before our great- self. You must embrace your Saviour

whether any one else does or not." "Oh, that ain't it. You see that man always gets religion at every revival, bears that name. It is beautifully kept, and I am just layin' low for him to parterres of flowers and broad-leaved come forward and say that he has had foliage plants lighting up the long ar- a change of heart, so that I can stand ray of slabs and head-stones many of at the door when he comes out and ask which have fallen apart through sheer him to pay me that \$10 he owes me be-

The minister turned sadly away .-Toledo Democrat.

PICTURES .- Often in the pictorial papers are pictures of statuary which are nice for statue-picture work. Cut carefully away all the paper close to the picture, which paste upon black velvet. Put it in a deep frame with an oval or an arched mat next the glass, and you will have a picture which cannot fail to please you. If you have a talent for pencil drawing, a head or boquet, or wreath of flowers drawn on thin cardboard, cut out, put on black cloth or velvet, makes a fine picture, which, when framed, will well repay your labor. Pictures may be transferred to painted surfaces in the following manner: Cover the ground with an even coat of lightcolored carriage varnish, which should be allowed to set (nearly as dry as for gilding). If the print to be transferred be colored, soak it in salt and water : if not colored, us water alone. Remove superfluous water by pressing between blotting pads, and then place the picture face down upon the varnish, pressing it smooth. When the varnish is dry, dampen the paper and rub it off with the finger. The picture will be found upon the varnish, and another coat of the latter should be added to bring out the effect. This process answers equally well for glass or metal surfaces.

How IT HAPPENED .- The derivation of many words in common use is exceedingly curious and interesting. Probably few people have any idea whence comes glish denote a horse-car track. It is derived from the second syllable of the name Outram. The ancestor of Sir James Outram, a very distinguished general, who died a few years ago, took a leading part in extending horse railroads for drawing coal, etc., and his roads were called Outram ways, and gradually the first syllable way dropped. Another curious derivation is that of the word "wallop," meaning to beat. "I'll wallop him" is still a frequent expression in rural England. It arises from a complete naval victory of Admiral Wallop, a number of the very ancient family of which the Earl of Portsmouth-who also has the honor to represent Sir Isaac Newton-is now the head .- Christian at Work.

Clubs are trumps yet in South Caro-